

## How the Contract Was Filled

(A CHEMICAL WORKS STORY.)  
By E. F. STEARNS.  
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As the clock struck ten, Cowles—junior of Caxton & Cowles, the manufacturing chemists—sent up his card. Cowles was bidden to go up and enter the sick-room.

"Well, what is it?" Caxton asked, not too cordially. "It's that infernal contract—eh?"

"Yep."  
"I knew it! I knew it! I knew we were in for a mess, sooner or later. It was a fool thing from the very start. You never should have made it."

"Well, it was a pretty broad contract," Cowles confessed. "I'm not denying that part—but it was the only thing they'd sign, and we need all the business we can grab this year. Let me see. We were to furnish them with something like two thousand barrels of sal-soda during the twelve months, the deliveries to be made when they called for them. That's the substance. Last week they wanted one hundred barrels at one delivery. It was all nonsense, of course. They couldn't possibly use it all at once and it nearly wiped out our stock of sal-soda—but I gave it to them."

Cowles avoided the eye of the invalid and stared across the bed, falling into contemplation of the bottles on the medicine table.

"Now," he said softly, "they want two hundred and fifty barrels more, before noon to-morrow!"

"Two hundred—and-fifty!" Caxton shouted.

"Um—m—"

"Why, hang it!" Caxton cried, testily. "I don't believe they've even got storage facilities for another two hundred and fifty barrels there! It's a put-up job."

"Of course it is. It's simply a bluff, to worm out of that contract. Hewes is morally certain that we won't make the delivery—and not having kept to one end of the agreement it lets them out as well. Do you suppose I can't see through that? I even know their reason for the move. Day before yesterday, the combine changed its mind and offered Hewes all the soda he wants, whenever he wants it, for no end less than he's paying us."

"Yes, I imagine that something of the sort may have occurred," said the senior partner, drily. "I guess Hewes is open to it, so far as we're concerned."

"Well, I don't!" said Cowles, and the glitter of war awakened in his black eyes. "Hewes isn't freed from that contract until noon to-morrow, and not then if we should happen to deliver his two hundred and fifty barrels."

Redding, superintendent of the Caxton & Cowles factory, staring out upon the unpleasant landscape of Brooklyn's uttermost end as he ate his lunch, was startled by the abrupt intrusion of the junior partner.

"Redding," said that gentleman, "there's the devil to pay again with these Hewes people."

"More soda?" Terror appeared in the superintendent's eye. Since the signing of the Hewes contract, sal-soda had absorbed an undue amount of his time and attention.

"Two hundred and fifty barrels before noon to-morrow! How does that strike you?"

"We can't give it to them, Mr. Cowles—that's all. There's only a hundred and two or three barrels in the place."

"I know it. How much soda is crystallizing now in the coolers?"

"We may take out 35 barrels this afternoon."

"Good. You have 20 coolers for Glauber's salt, haven't you, and 15 more for Epsom's?"

"Yes."

"All right. Empty them—every one—and start more soda crystallizing."

"That won't give us the balance before noon to-morrow."

"Never you mind noon to-morrow," said Cowles. "If you push everything to the limit you can turn out the stuff by noon on Thursday—the day after to-morrow—can't you?"

"I suppose so."

"All right. That's what I wanted to know."

"But will Hewes give us the day of grace necessary for that, Mr. Cowles?"

"I'm not going to ask for it—you can gamble on that, Redding. Now, they want one hundred barrels with our brand on—that's what they mean to use themselves; and the other hundred and fifty are to be delivered with no brand—that's what they intend to resell, of course. I think we'll order brand-new sugar barrels for that lot. They look nice, and Hewes'll be just that much more likely to save them for his customers. Can your barrel man give us that many to-night?"

"I'll ask him," Redding turned to the telephone. "Yes," he said, after a moment, "we can have them."

"All right. Order 'em. Tell him they positively must be here before six o'clock. And, by the way, before I started over here, Redding, I called up that Grandford concern that is putting down the new floor and talked with the manager of their place in Long Island City. They—say, Redding, just close that door, will you? I can do without an audience."

On Wednesday morning, John Hewes settled down to work, abeam with quiet satisfaction.

As he termed it, Caxton & Cowles were "tired." They and their contract were out of the way—or would be at noon—and the Combine having

conceded the desired cut in prices, Hewes would henceforth buy his sal-soda much more cheaply.

The appearance in his private office of the elderly receiving clerk from Washington street interrupted his thought.

"What's that, Burrell?"

"The bureau of encumbrances had a man down below, just now, to clear the street. We've got barrels of sal-soda down there to burn."

"What!" Hewes's desk chair spun around and he faced the receiving clerk in amazement. "Caxton & Cowles?"

"Yes, sir. Didn't you order it?"

"Well—yes, I did order it, Burrell, but—"

"It got there all right. Say, we've got sal-soda on the street, sal-soda on the ground floor, sal-soda upstairs; there's more of it out on the platform that'll have to go on the roof, I guess. You know that storehouse ain't any great shakes for size, anyway, and it was near full before," protested the old man; "but those blamed trucks have been blocking traffic since nine o'clock, and dumping sal-soda till—"

"What time did they stop?"

"I guess it was about quarter to twelve, John."

"That's right. I—I swear I never thought they'd deliver it," sighed Hewes. "Well—put it wherever you can, Burrell."

The painful superfluity of soda upon his hands pursued John Hewes through Thursday morning; and when after lunch Cowles' card was brought him, he felt no proper cordiality.

What the devil had he come for, anyway? Was it to enjoy a brief seance of politely veiled gloating?

But the junior partner of Caxton & Cowles wore a frown of annoyance as he entered.

"I suppose you've got it in for me, Mr. Hewes?"

"Hey? Why?" Hewes asked abruptly.

"What! Hadn't your people put in a kick about it, down at the warehouse?"

"No. Why? Didn't you send the full lot?" Was there, after all, a ray of hope?

"The two hundred and fifty barrels? Why, of course. The whole order was filled on time." Cowles' tone suggested mild horror at the imputation. "But you have always wanted your sal-soda in flour barrels—sugar barrels are pretty big for some of the retail people. We sent you sugars yesterday, you know, through an error—one hundred and fifty of them—those without the brand."

"Oh?" Hewes grunted. "Well—never mind. Let it go at that, Mr. Cowles. It makes no particular difference, I suppose."

"But it does make a difference," Cowles insisted. "You know, it is a good deal of a point with us to fill our orders to the very letter. This morning I discovered what had happened; and rather than put you to any inconvenience, I've had them send over another hundred and fifty barrels—flour, this time. They're rolling them into your warehouse now, and removing the others."

So? After filling his big order, Caxton & Cowles still had enough sal-soda in reserve to make up an extra hundred and fifty barrels! The benefits of the Combine prices were not for Hewes that year. He turned to Cowles with a smile that held something of resignation.

"Well, we do prefer the stuff in flour barrels, as a rule; but I don't know that you need have bothered making the exchange."

"We never stop at bothering, when it's a question of satisfying a customer, Mr. Hewes," Cowles returned pleasantly, as he rose.

When night had fallen and whistles were blowing the hour of six, Cowles got the factory on the wire once more and called for Redding.

"Are they back, Redding?"

"All of them."

"Sure?"

"Cock-sure. I counted them personally. One hundred and fifty."

"And none of them had been opened?"

"No, sir. Not one. I examined each head as it was rolled off the truck, and there isn't a single seal. They're just as they left the factory yesterday morning."

Later, over the dinner table, Cowles was spinning the tale to his wife.

"But I don't understand," she interrupted. "You say that you couldn't possibly have delivered the soda before noon to-day, yet yesterday you sent the full order?"

"I also said that I called up the Grandford Paving people yesterday. They're laying the new macadam floor in the sulphuric shop, you know. I hurried them up on the materials they were sending and—well, we used some of them for that first one hundred and fifty unbranded barrels."

"But—"

"Mary," said Cowles, in a stage whisper, leaning across the table, "there wasn't an earthly thing in one of those sugar barrels but crushed stone!"

### THE BRIGHT SPOT.

When Maw's sick I'm so lonesome!  
I don't know what to do;  
I have to tiptoe round the house  
'N' talk in whispers, too.

When Maw's sick all the fellows,  
They have to stay away.  
I can't keep still nor make a noise,  
Nor whistle, sing or play.

When Maw's sick things don't taste the same,  
'N' no deaseris nor pie.  
The cook she looks at me so cross,  
'N' no paw's so snappy. My!

When Maw's sick nawthin' seems quite right,  
Escept the doctor. He  
Just comes and goes. 'N' every time  
He smiles 'n' winks at me.  
—Tom Masson, in The Reader.

## MAN NOT LOGICAL MACHINE

Even the Greatest Debaters Are Often Illogical in Presenting Arguments.

The writers of formal logics seem to have assumed that man is a logical machine, that he weighs evidence, formulates it into syllogistic order, and then reaches the conclusions on which he bases his actions. The more modern conception of man is that he is a creature who rarely reasons at all, says Walter Dill Scott, in Talent. Indeed, one of the greatest students of the human mind assures us that most persons never perform an act of reasoning at all, but that all their actions are the results of imitation, habit, suggestion or some related form of thinking which is distinctly below that which could be called reasoning. Our most important actions are performed and our most sacred conceptions are reached by means of the merest suggestion. Great commanders of men are not those who are best skilled in reasoning with their subordinates. The greatest inquirers of men are not those who are most logical in presenting their truths to the multitude. Even our greatest debaters are not those who are most logical in presenting the arguments in favor of their side of the question. In moving and inspiring men suggestion is to be considered as in every way the equal of logical reasoning, and as such is to be made the object of consideration for every man who is interested in moving his fellows.

## MERE MATTER OF SPELLING

Son of Ham Had an Easy Way of Surmounting Orthographical Difficulty.

A busy man hastened into one of the quick-lunch "cafes" that are popular in a portion of the city, and, after smiling at the peroxide blonde whose duty it is to ring up fares on the cash register, called to the colored waiter:

"Bring me a sandwich and a glass of milk, and be quick about it."

The son of Ham bolted away and quickly returned with the desired food and drink.

"Give me my check, quick. I am in a hurry."

The waiter pulled out a pad of paper and a pencil and began to scrawl several weird hieroglyphics on the paper. In response to the sharp "Come, hurry up," the waiter made a final desperate attempt and handed the man a check on which was written "One piece pie, one milk."

"Here," said the guest, as he deciphered the characters on the slip of paper, "I didn't order any pie."

"I know dat, boss," responded the abashed waiter, "but pie and a sandwich costs jes' de same, and I can't spell sandwich." And the blonde cashier smiled sweetly as she invited the man to call again.

## HENS OF HAWAII FAIL.

Climatic Conditions Said to Be Unfavorable to the Egg Supply.

The chickens in Honolulu, for reasons best known to themselves, have positively refused to lay eggs. As a consequence good laying hens are much in demand in San Francisco for shipment to the Hawaiian Islands, says the San Francisco Examiner, of recent date.

Every steamship that leaves for Honolulu carries a large consignment of laying hens and the supply is not equal to the demand. "Climatic conditions" is the excuse put forward for the failure of the Honolulu hens to lay. The middle western states, as well as California, export chickens to the islands, the yearly shipment for the islands averaging 400 carloads of dressed and 700 carloads of live poultry.

"All the best laying hens that can be secured in California are shipped down to Honolulu at the present time," said a commission man. "For some yet undiscovered reason the hens raised in the Hawaiian Islands are not good egg producers, and as a result we have orders to ship all the good laying hens that we can down to the islands."

## Street Car Fares.

In 1905, 1,171,151,898 cash fares were collected by the elevated, surface and subway railways of New York city, this number marking an increase of 93,493,651 cash fares over 1904. This means a daily average of over 3,200,000 nickels, Sundays and holidays included. Reducing these numbers to dollars, the daily contribution to the railway transportation systems of New York city is seen to have been about \$160,000, and the yearly revenue almost six millions of dollars.

## The Continental Idea.

A clergyman who was holding a children's service at a continental winter resort had occasion to catechise his hearers on the parable of the unjust steward. "What is a steward?" he asked. A little boy, who had just arrived from England a few days before, held up his hand. "He is a man, sir," he replied, with a reminiscent look on his face, "who brings you a basin."—Kansas City Independent.

## No Time to Waste.

Dr. Cutter—I was planning to operate on you to-morrow, but I fear I would better operate to-day.  
Patient—Why?  
"You are improving so rapidly that you may be well by to-morrow."—Kansas City Times.

## Monument to Poe.

A monument is being designed in Richmond, Va., to be dedicated to the memory of Edgar Allan Poe.

## Are You Tired, Nervous and Sleepless?

Nervousness and sleeplessness are usually due to the fact that the nerves are not fed on properly nourishing blood; they are starved nerves. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes pure, rich blood, and thereby the nerves are properly nourished and all the organs of the body are run as smoothly as machinery which runs in oil. In this way you feel clean, strong and strenuous—you are toned up and invigorated, and you are good for a whole lot of physical or mental work. Best of all, the strength and increase in vitality and health are lasting. The trouble with most tonics and medicines which have a large, booming sale for a short time, is that they are largely composed of alcohol holding the drugs in solution. This alcohol shrinks up the red blood corpuscles, and in the long run greatly injures the system. One may feel exhilarated and better for the time being, yet in the end weakened and with vitality decreased. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery contains no alcohol. Every bottle of it bears upon its wrapper *The Badge of Honesty*, in a full list of all its several ingredients. For the druggist to offer you something he claims is "just as good" is to insult your intelligence.

Every ingredient entering into the world-famed "Golden Medical Discovery" has the unanimous approval and endorsement of the leading medical authorities of all the several schools of practice. No other medicine sold through druggists for like purposes has any such endorsement. The "Golden Medical Discovery" not only produces all the good effects to be obtained from the use of Golden Seal root, in all stomach, liver and bowel troubles, as in dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, indigestion, and all the bowels and kindred ailments, but the Golden Seal root used in its compound is greatly enhanced in its curative action by other ingredients such as Stone root, Black Cherrybark, Bloodroot, Mandrake root and chemically pure triple-refined glycerine.

The Common Sense Medical Adviser, is sent free in paper covers on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay the cost of mailing only. For 31 stamps the cloth-bound volume will be sent. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation, biliousness and headache.

## Noted Frenchman.

There has just passed away in the person of M. Desprecher one of the pioneers of France in ocean cables. M. Desprecher collaborated with Sir John Pender, Cyrus W. Field, George Elliott and others in laying the first cables between Europe and America. He was one of the promoters of the Corsican cable, which was laid in 1861. In 1894 he bought the island of Antioch, which now belongs to M. Menier. He has reached the age of 83.

## BOY'S HEAD ONE SOLID SORE.

Hair All Came Out—Under Doctor Three Months and No Better—Cuticura Works Wonders.

Mr. A. C. Barnett, proprietor of a general store in Avar, Oklahoma, tells in the following grateful letter how Cuticura cured his son of a terrible eczema. "My little boy had eczema. His head was one solid sore, all over his scalp; his hair all came out, and he suffered very much. I had a physician treat him, but at the end of three months he was no better. I remembered that the Cuticura Remedies had cured me, and after giving him two bottles of Cuticura Resolvent, according to directions, and using Cuticura Soap and Ointment on him daily, his eczema left him, his hair grew again, and he has never had any eczema since. We use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and they keep our skin soft and healthy. I cheerfully recommend the Cuticura Remedies for all cases of eczema. A. C. Barnett, Mar. 30, 1905."

## In London Courts.

Some of the London local courts have adopted the method of drawing jurors' names from a box, in the American style. The London Mail says the method has a distinctly novel, not to say sporting character, about it."

Write Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., for package Garfield Tea, the herb cure.

## Benevolent Work.

The New York kitchen association, in its fight against consumption and for the reduction of infantile mortality, distributed from its six kitchens in the congested district last year 238,515 quarts of pure milk and 16,271 eggs to 28,897 patients.

## Reduced Rates East for School Teachers.

And the general public, via A. T. & S. F. Ry. One fare plus \$2 for the round trip from Utah, Wyoming and other territories to Missouri river, St. Louis, Memphis, Chicago, St. Paul and intermediate points. Dates of sale, May 26th and 28th, June 1st, 3rd and 10th. Return limit, Oct. 31st, 1906. Stopovers allowed. For further information apply to C. F. Warren, General Agent, 411 Dooly Block, Salt Lake City, Utah.

## "Rote of Waves."

It is a favorite theory with fishing and sea-faring people that in a storm three waves are strong and violent while the fourth is comparatively weak and less dangerous. This succession they call a "rote of waves." Fishermen returning from their fishing-ground often prove by experience the truth of their theory, and hang back as they come near the shore to take advantage of the lull that follows three big breakers.

## How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out all obligations made by him. W. VAUGHN, J. K. WATSON & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## Starting Him In.

New Clerk—Good morning, sir, I'm ready to go to work. What would you like me to do first? Stockton Bonds.  
—The first fellow that calls.—San Francisco Call.

## WEIGHING OF THE MAILS.

Computation by the Railroads in Order to Obtain Compensation for Transportation.

I obtained from the post office department a statement of the weighing of the mails between Quincy, Ill., and St. Joseph, Mo., over the Burlington route, which runs through the district in which I am specially concerned, said Mr. Lloyd, of Missouri, in the house of representatives recently. I find from that statement—they require mail to be weighed for 60 consecutive days—that there was sent out an aggregate amount of mail from Quincy, starting toward St. Joseph, of 811,000 pounds. Now, there was put on at West Quincy, which is the first station after leaving Quincy, 1,360 pounds in the 60 days. In order to obtain the compensation, they multiply that 811,000 pounds by the distance between Quincy and West Quincy, which is two and a half miles. Then they add the 1,360 pounds which was put on at West Quincy. That serves as a basis for computation between West Quincy and the next station, which is Palmyra. Then multiply that sum by the number of miles which intervene between West Quincy and Palmyra. That determines the weight for that distance. At Palmyra there was a very large amount of mail put on and some mail taken off. They find the difference between the two and add that to the amount of mail that was carried between West Quincy and Palmyra. They keep up the process to the end. The same course is pursued on incoming mail. Then they add these several sums together, incoming and outgoing, and divide it by the whole distance, or 204 miles, between Quincy and St. Joseph, Mo.

## THE BANQUETS OF NERO.

Were Partaken of Reclining, a Position Singularly Appropriate to the Occasions.

"When Nero died," said an actor recently, "there were three courses, eaten lying down, and dances went on, or contests of wild beasts, or even fights of gladiators, and the various dishes were brought in to music by slaves who danced as they approached. The first course was composed of hors d'oeuvres—eggs, British oysters, lettuce, olives and so on. To begin a meal with eggs still is popular in Italy."

The second course comprised all the substantial foods. Turbot (a kind of giant flounder), peacock, flamingo, sucking pig, boar, venison and truffles were brought in upon a huge round tray carried by four or five dancing slaves.

The third course was the dessert—candies, fruits, pastries. "The guests at Nero's dinners put on dinner dresses of bright colors. They lay on couches on their sides, three to a couch, and they supported the head on the left arm, which, from practice grown muscular, endured the long, hard work of supporting the head without fatigue. They ate with the fingers. The table was over a foot distant from them, and it was necessary when they wanted a fresh handful of food—another bit of flamingo or of peacock—for them to roll over on their stomachs in order to reach it."

The wines were fine, and they were used too freely. In fact, so much wine was consumed at these Neronic banquets that if the guests had not commenced to dine lying down, they would have ended in that attitude undoubtedly."

## Mexico Now Modern.

The modernizer of Mexico is Porfirio Diaz. What a quarter of a century ago was a loosely linked federation he has transformed into one of the strongest and most highly centralized governments in the world. The great power that has been placed in the hands of this remarkable ruler he has wisely used in a paternal spirit for the good of all classes of Mexican citizens. Railways and telegraphs, penetrating every part of the republic; rapid transit, popular education and a strict vigilance exercised over the states have transformed Mexico. The elimination of the professional politician and the demagogue, and the enlistment of every man of energy and intelligence have assisted in the modernization. Lawyers of eminence, bankers, educators, engineers have been sought out and utilized.

## The British Census.

To take the census of the British empire is a matter of difficulty in certain districts. A native official was ordered to take a census of what was known to be a populous village in Uganda. He returned with the report that there was no population, the explanation being that the inhabitants had fled on hearing of his approach. More precise instructions were given to him and he paid another visit to the village. The result of his inquiry was given thus in the tabulated form. Number of huts, 257; inhabitants, men, over 18 years of age, 0; men under 18 years of age, 0; women, 0; children, 0; total, 0.

## Nothing Surprising.

Mr. Norvey—I suppose you know the object of my call, sir. To be brief, I want to marry your daughter—  
Mr. Norvey—Eh? What? I'm surprised that you should think of such a thing. The idea!

"Nonsense! You're prejudiced against the girl! She's all right!"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

## A Question.

Casey—Finnegans has been married twelve years, but sorra the chick or child has he got.

Cassidy—Thru for ye. I wonder is that hereditary in his family or hers.—Philadelphia Press.

## On Tipping the Hat.

New Yorkers still cling to the ancient custom of tipping their hats when greeting a male friend or acquaintance. It is a common sight to a staid, prosperous looking business man as he passes an acquaintance tipping his hat, although the other is alone, and unaccompanied by a woman. It is the same after a party has been together somewhere, at dinner probably, or at the theater. You will notice that as one separates himself from the others he will say good-night, or au revoir, and then tip his hat. Also, when one man is introduced to another, it is dollars to a subway ticket that he will lift his chapeau. Wonder why it is? They don't do it in Pittsburgh!—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

## Fatal Salute.

Firing a revolver as a salute to a wedding party, in accordance with an old Bavarian custom, a schoolmaster at Wuremburg used ball cartridges by mistake and killed one of the bridesmaids.

## Cancer from Smoking.

As the result of official inquiry in Jamaica, it is stated that cancer of the tongue and lip is curiously uncommon in a country in which smoking is almost universal among both sexes.

## In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all druggists, 25c. Trial package, FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, 1, E. Roy, N. Y.

## Breaking Up Ships.

Norwegians have a primitive way of breaking up old, worn-out wooden ships. They take them to exposed rocky parts of the coast, and, after anchoring them, leave the breakers of the next storm to smash them to pieces. After the storm the floating fragments are picked up and sold for firewood.

Complexion bad? Tongue coated? Liver deranged? Take Garfield Tea.

## Only One Awake.

The pastor paused in his discourse and looked over his congregation. "Sister Smith," he said, "will you kindly come up close to the pulpit? I can save my voice by repeating the rest of this sermon to you in a conversational tone, and it will not disturb the slumbers of the others."—Cleveland Leader.

Mr. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

## Mutual Aid.

At a banquet given to the delegates of mutual aid societies in Paris last week 25,000 bottles of red wine, 25,000 bottles of white wine, 25,000 bottles of beer and 10,000 bottles of champagne were provided, yet every delegate reached his home in safety. That shows what mutual aid can do.—San Francisco News Letter.

Garfield Tea overcomes constipation, sick headache, liver and kidney diseases.

## FRENCH INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

The Application of Higher Training to Trade Is Everywhere Apparent.

Consul Goldschmidt, of Nantes, contributes an extended article on industrial art education in France and its influence upon French industries. He says in part:

"There are at present in France, aside from the national art schools, 300 provincial and municipal schools of fine arts, which are free to young men and women. While leaving to each school the development of the line of art suited to local needs, the state gives direction by annual visits of inspectors of drawing. The application to trade is practical and complete. The 'administration of fine arts' selects and sends the greater part of the models useful to instruction, gives prizes, scholarships, purses and encouragement to pupils who have distinguished themselves during their course of studies. The influence of artistic training upon the industries of France is paramount, and the ordinary observer is struck at once when examining an article in the French shops of home manufacture of its superiority over similar goods made in other countries. If one visits an art gallery or a museum in France on Sunday, the great interest of the working people may be witnessed in the arts and sciences. A conversation with these workers reveals a general interest of the masses in matters of art and its general application."

## TRANSFORMATIONS.

Curious Results When Coffee Drinking Is Abandoned.

It is almost as hard for an old coffee toper to quit the use of coffee as it is for a whiskey or tobacco fiend to break off, except that the coffee user can